

THE PRESENT AGE.

\$2.00 PER YEAR.

VOL. II.

REGARD EVERY SINNER AS A LAWLUL HEIR OF GOD'S LOVE AND GOODNESS.

KALAMAZOO, MICH., SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1899.

IN ADVANCE.

No. 29.

Selected Poetry.

THE DRUNKARD'S DREAM.

The drunkard dream'd of his old retreat,
Of the cozy place in the tap-room seat;
And the liquor gleamed in his glowing eye,
Till his lips to the sparkling glass drew nigh.
He lifted it up with an eager glance,
And sang, as he sipped the bubbles dance,
"Aha! I'm myself a man!
Here's a toast to the crew that's a-brewing!
Welcome the cup with its creamy foam!
Farwell to the work and a woe home!
With a jolly crew and a flowing bowl
In bar-room pleasures I love to roll!"

Like a flash, there came to the drunkard's side
His angel child, who that night had died!
With look so gentle, and sweet, and fond,
She touched his glass with her little hand;
And as he raised it up to drink
She silently tapped it with a trembling link,
Till the drunkard shook from head to crown,
And sat the untasted goblet down.
"Hey, man," cried the host, "what meanest this?
Is the man sick? or the dream amiss?
Cheer up, my lad! I quick the bumper quaff!"
And he glanced around with a fondling laugh.

The drunkard raised his glass once more,
And looked at its depths, as he sipped on before;
But started to see on its pearly foam
The face of his dead little child at home!
And again the landlord at him sneered,
And the swaggering crowd of drunkards jeered!
But still, as he tried that glass to drink,
The wand of the dead one tapped the brink!

The landlord gasped, "I swear, my man,
Thou shalt take every drop of this flowing can!"
The drunkard bowed to the quivering brim,
Through his heart beat fast and his eye grew dim;
But the wand struck harder than ever before,
The glass was danc'd on the bar-room floor;
All around the ring the fragments lay,
And the poisonous current rolled away.

The drunkard woke. His dream was gone;
His bed was bathed in the light of morn;
But he saw, as he looked with pale, cold fear,
A beautiful angel hovering near.
He rose, and that which was his high will;
It checked his passion, it away his will;
It dashed from his lips the maddening bowl,
And victory gave to his ransomed soul!

Since ever that midnight hour he dreamed
Our hero has been a man redeemed,
And this is the prayer that he prays away,
And this is the prayer let us help him pray:
That angels may come, in every land,
To dash the cup from the drunkard's hand.

"Speak gently, kindly, to the poor;
Let no harsh word be said to him;
They have enough they must endure
Without an unkind word."

(Copyright secured.)

IS IT POSSIBLE?

A STORY FROM REAL LIFE!

WRITTEN FOR THE PRESENT AGE, BY ANNIE BENTON BRIDGE.

THE REV.

JANE never thought of calling on any of

her father's friends in Philadelphia; never

thought that they might assist her to some-

thing better. She only realized that they

were poor, that they must labor, and that

themselves alone depended the success or fail-

ure of the future. Besides, she shrank from

making known to any one the private affairs

of her family; she had never told Mrs. Car-

man of her brother, or her mother. Mrs.

Carman only knew that her parents were re-

spectable, that her father was dead and that

her family were in reduced circumstances.

She had tried to learn from Jane all the par-

ticulars of their family, their English home and

the cause of her poverty; but Jane careful-

ly retained them in her own breast; they

were too sacred to be laid open to Martha

Carman, or indeed to any one except those

very near and dear to her. Since their ar-

ival in the United States, Rachel Clarkson

was the only person with whom Jane had free-

ly conversed of the past. Perhaps they

might have been kept from calling on their

father's friends by the feeling that their de-

termination to keep Oscar in College might

be disapproved. If such was the case, how-

ever, it was never realized in that distinct

form. It rather seemed natural for them to

shrink from publicity, and especially to se-

clude themselves from those who had known

their father in better days. Lack of confi-

dence in human nature must have produced

the same result, but this had no part in shap-

ing their course. When Oscar was through

college—when bright days should come, they

intended to call on those friends; until that

time, it seemed a matter of course that they

should be alone.

It is Sunday; all are in Quaker meeting

but Mrs. Carman, the two young children and

our friend Jane. Mrs. Carman is sewing in

the nursery (Quakers sew on Sunday of course,

if they choose;) Jane is in the old place

in the third story, writing; poor and mean as

it is she finds there more privacy and comfort

than she could obtain below, just now she is

writing in her Diary, in which she has man-

aged to write a little every night as she sits

in bed to keep warm, pen in one hand and

candle-stick in the other.

Jane has carried her resolution into effect;

every evening when the clock strikes eight,

she folds up her work and retires to her

room. On the first evening Mrs. Carman

was very indignant. "What does this mean?"

she asked; "why is thee folding up thy

work for the purpose of teaching; this cannot

be done if I am working for you every moment."

"O don't talk a whole string of big words

—respice!—deleure!—purpose!—fee-dee!

thee better content thyself as thee is; folks

get no good by stretching out for something

so far away. Thee is so discontented thy

work is good for nothing, very little is done

through the day when the children are round;

and now, when thee could work and do some

good, thee folds up thy work as if thee was

the only lady in the house."

Jane calmly and firmly replied, "Mrs. Car-

man, you overstep every bound of propriety."

"Mrs!—you! oh, dear! thee does not

always use plain language, then! I thought

it funny if thee did, when thy father was not

a friend."

But Jane proceeded: "Nothing can give

you a right to the whole of my time. No

seamstress in this city works every waking

moment for her employer; but if every one

did so, that would not prove it right. You

says you are opposed to slavery; you some-

times express great indignation at the treat-

ment of slaves, declaring they are as good as

white people, etc., etc. If you were to re-

verse it, and say that white people who have

to labor are no better than negroes, you

would come nearer to a correct expression of

your ideas. I beg pardon, but I think nature

never intended you for the North."

"Thee is an impudent thing! Where

should I have been born? Come, thee shall

tell me before thee goes."

"I can hardly tell, said Jane smiling, but

I think thee would have made an excellent

slave-driver."

"O, thee is the most impudent thing I ever

saw! I'll tell Isaac—I'll tell Isaac, I will,

the moment he comes in. Slave-driver!

(Lifting her apron to her face and weeping.)

Slave-driver! thee is an impudent thing!

Thee has sat at the table with us, been one of

us, been introduced to company! I'll tell

Isaac! he thinks better won't melt in thy

mouth—introducing thee to this one and that

one; and then thee turns round and calls me

a slave driver!"

Here Mrs. Carman indignantly let her

apron fall on her lap, and resumed her sewing,

saying: "But the other day my colored girl

in the kitchen said she wondered I let our

colored girl sit at the table with us."

"I am not your nurse-girl; but the words

'equality' above and 'below' are only con-

ventional terms. Nature's nobility—Nature's

superiors are equals, though one is a prince

and the other a beggar."

Mrs. Carman did not seem to hear this; her

mind was evidently dwelling on the words

'slave-driver' for she replied:—

"Thee does! I'll tell Isaac."

On the next morning when Jane was sew-

ing, Isaac Carman came into the nursery say-

ing, "good morning, Jane; I wish thee had

been at our Abolition meeting last night;

Lucretia Mott and several others were there."

Before Jane had time to reply, Mrs. Car-

man stepped to the little stand, rested her

hand on it, and, looking into Isaac's face

said, "What does thee think Jane, says?"

"What does she say?" asked Isaac, smil-

ing.

"Why, she told me last night that I ought

to be a slave driver!"

Then followed a long silence which to Jane

was rather embarrassing. Isaac, as was his

custom, sat down and shaved himself, but no

remarks were made as to Jane's discovery of

Mrs. Carman's appropriate phrase of action.

Do not let us, however, form too low an es-

teem of Mrs. Carman; she has many good

traits of character. Does she insult Jane?

she never rests satisfied until she has asked

her forgiveness, and if Jane pleases her she

is as lavish in praise as when displeased in

her demonstrations.

It was Jane's custom to prepare the veget-

ables for dinner on washing days, to ex-

pedit Henrietta's operations. Last wash-day

when Jane was thus engaged in the kitchen,

Mrs. Carman burst in exclaiming—"why in

this world does thee not hurry! thee has been

long enough to peel a bushel of potatoes if

thee had hurried; I just think thee is a self-

ish, lazy piece; thee walks round as if thee

could not bend thy back; I'll just tell thee

thy character; 'thee is selfish and proud.'"

"Estimates of character prove nothing,"

was Jane's reply, "otherwise my estimate of

thy character would prove a good deal."

"It would! why, what is thy estimate of

my character?" she asked several times as it

determined to have it. So Jane, thinking

that a small dose of truth might operate ben-

eficially, replied slowly and in her usual pleas-

ant manner:—

"That selfish, contracted souls, color and

quality by those characteristics, all that is

seen through their medium, even as red glass

makes all viewed through it seem red."

"O, thee is an impudent thing! Well hur-

ry up with these potatoes." she added as she

"hurried" out of the kitchen.

In the afternoon they sat together sewing,

Jane being busily at work on a Quaker cap

which seemed to please Mrs. Carman, as it

shaped itself into orthodox style. Mrs. Car-

man several times took off her spectacles, look-

ed at Jane, at the cap, then wiped her eyes

and went on with her own sewing. When the

cap was finished she tried it on, looked in the

glass and pronounced it "just the thing."

"Thee is smart at thy needle," she said to

Jane, her beautiful blue eyes dancing with

delight at the cap. Then she resumed her

sewing and relapsed into silence. Thus they

sat for about an hour, Jane thinking of how

she was to escape from constant insult, how

she was to obtain anything better, and re-

solving to make renewed efforts for a suitable

position. At last the silence was broken by

Mrs. Carman, who said, "Jane, I want thee

not to think of what I said this morning; I

am sorry I insulted thee, but thee sees I have

so much to do; I have such a large family and

so much to do, and when I'm hurrying I say

many things I ought not."

As Mrs. Carman said this, the tears rolled

down her face, showing that the good pre-

dominated in her, as it probably does in every

one.

However, let us return to Jane, whom we

left in her room writing, while Isaac and the

elder children are in meeting.

While we have been talking, Jane has evi-

dently been studying, for several books lie on

her table; a letter, too, lies there from her

sister Jessie, which she has been answering;

let us see what Jessie says:

"MY DEAR JANE—I have allowed some time

to pass since thy letter came, because I have been

waiting to know the decision of John and Re-

becca about moving. It is all decided now; they

are going to reside in Philadelphia. John is going

into partnership with his brother, who is carrying on

business there. Rebecca's parents reside in Phila-

delphia; so they are going to give up housekeep-

ing and board with them. But something better than

all this comes as the result—I am going too. Is

not that delightful? We will be together Jane, O, I'm

so glad! Hope shines as brightly in my soul as the

sun in the summer sky; it will not always be night;

every dark cloud hath its blue sky beneath the dark-

ness and gloom; yes, the rains and the frosts are all

handmaidens to the modest, beautiful spring and the

glorious rejoicing summer.

"Were my health good, Jane, all would be well;

but I have a constant cough and pain in my side; a

cold is probably the cause; care—especially being

near thee—will cure me."

"Martha Carman does not sound pretty," what a

curious character! I should call her Mrs. Lundy.

It seems natural to say 'Mr.' and 'Mrs.' times

to those who are far off and whom I cannot love;

but how pleasant to speak the names of those near

and dear to me. I often find myself using plain

language to one and to another, and I cannot love;

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THE PRESENT AGE.

DORUS M. FOX, Editor.

PROF. E. WHIPPLE, Associate Editors.
MISS NETTIE M. PEASE.
J. S. LOVELAND, Editor PHILOSOPHICAL DEPT.

Mrs. E. L. WATSON, Editors New York Department.
Mrs. LOVE M. WILLIS.
All communications for this department should be addressed to Mrs. E. L. Watson, New York City.

Mrs. E. L. WATSON, Editor Children's Department.
All communications for this department should be addressed to Mrs. E. L. Watson, Titusville, Pa.

Kalamazoo, Saturday, Jan'y 1, 1870.

For the Present Age.

A DREAM OF WOMAN.

BY CORA WILSON.

I had a dream of woman's estate,
Of what her regal soul hath been
With holy freedom's joyed elate;
And reverent love's exalted state;
A vestal crown with lilies, robed in light,
Scriptured with Justice, Purity, and Right.

I saw her radiant with the blissful joy
Of consecration to all noble aims;
Freed from all taint of sin, all heart alloy,
Scorned the gift of woman's frame;
To lowliest, true, and loftiest reach of Good,
Bringing her royal order of womanhood.

I saw her, in the majesty of thought,
Bring aspirations, fervid with the glow
Of Love Divine and Human; wisdom fraught,
To the great source from whom all blessings flow,
And with triumphant spirit from thence,
Filled with the mandates of Omnipotence!

An humble, prayerful handmaid, love imbued—
A crowned Queen, I saw her, 'mid the throng;
And in the world-apart solitude,
With soul of harmony, inspired of song;
In response to the clamorous ill of life,
With music-led to restful care and strife.

I saw the maiden, with the childlike brow,
Safe-guarded from the serpent in disguise,
With amities of knowledge, that bestow
Their sovereign spell upon the purely wise;
The things of Evil sped with healing light,
From that illumined Innocence and Might.

I saw the life, in festal robes of beauty,
Love-garlanded with Joy, and Peace, and truth;
A dear delight her every task of duty,
Basking in sunshine of Eternal Youth,
With soft made beautiful, I saw her stand,
A Power and Grace, the glory of the land!

I saw the mother, blot with recognition
For her exalted grandeur, bloom anew
For the ray of her transcendent mission,
And soul-alignment to the Pure and True;
Attaining heart and life to God-like strains,
Such as resound where Love immortal reigns.

Such was my youth's bright dream; and yet my Spirit
Clings to the promise of that prophecy;
That Woman shall her regal order inherit,
Her vestal crown, and her exalted ministry;
That from the House-shrine's sacredness, her voice
Shall bid the millions of the world rejoice!

She is Messiah-son unto the Nations,
God's delegate of Purity and Peace;
Meet her no more with worldly, cold negotiations,
Bid your vain clamors of oppression cease,
For Dream is Prophecy; the creature waits
The opening wide of Freedom's heavenly gates.

CORNER, Maine, Dec. 17, 1869.

The New Year.

With this issue, dated the first day of the year 1870, we send cordial greetings to our readers, all. While we write, the familiar faces of many with whom as a journalist, we have become personally acquainted, in this and other States, come up before us. Again, privileged to meet in years gone by, and to enjoy with them the festivities of New Year's day, come up in the beautiful halls of memory, and

"Still or those scenes our memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but the impression deeper wears,"
As streams their channels deeper wake."

These pleasant memories are not, however, unmingled with feelings of sadness, when we recall to mind the familiar faces of dear ones who have passed on to a higher life, and although we are at times, conscious of their gentle spirit presence, and believe they are doing more for us than they possibly could in the more external world, we can but feel sad when we remember that

"Condemned whole years in absence to dwell,
And image charms we must behold no more,"
until we pass on to the Summer Land, to which we feel more and more attracted as our dear ones increase there, and decrease here.

There are some recollections, however, far more painful than the separations caused by the Death Angel. We allude to estrangements between those whom in former years we joyously met as friends on some occasions, but by misapprehensions, misrepresentations and sometimes perhaps real wrongs, alienations most heart-rending have followed. But even these remembrances have not all of sorrow.—

We cherish the thought, that in the by and by, when we can see more clearly our relations to each other, exercise a deeper and truer charity, and more forbearance, wrongs will be righted and we shall be seen and known as we are. Even friends thus alienated, cannot be forgotten, and there are few who have not besides the cherished memories, some token to remind them of the friendships of other years.

"Oh! only those
Whose souls have felt this one idolatry,
Can tell how precious to the slightest thing
Affection gives and halloweth! A dead flower
Will long be kept, remembrance of looks
That made each leaf a treasure."

The going out of the old, and the incoming of the New Year, is a favorable time for the most searching review of our lives. Let us lay aside all hatreds and jealousies, if such we have cherished, rise in the dignity of our higher, nobler, better nature, and enter upon the New Year, "with malice toward none, with charity toward all." We shall indeed enjoy a Happy New Year, if we can adopt as our own the beautifully expressed sentiment of Joanna Baile,

"If there be
One of you all that ever from my presence
I have with saddened heart unkindly sent,
I here, in meek remembrance, of him crave
A brother's hand in token of forgiveness."

We have passed the line of the old year, and entered upon the portals of the incoming, with high hopes for the world of humanity, as well as our own pleasure and happiness. The morning of this new and hopeful period spreads its beautiful bow of promise, to the cheerful gaze of the most of earth's children, and many kind and joyful greetings, many warm salutations from full and free hearts, and confiding spirits, are this day interchanged; and in true sincerity they should

"Banish all compliments, but single truth,
From every tongue, and every shepherd's heart,
Let time use still persuading, but no art."

True, all has not been joyful with us through the past year, we have had dark hours, we have had conflicts of a spiritual nature, too much relating to self to spread before the world, and affections too sacred for the gaze of others than those directly interested. But a retrospection of the past, whether sombre or delightful, cannot be unprofitable in the formation of our moral character and in the development of our spiritual life.

We must remember the extent to which our destiny is committed to our own keeping, and the tone, and loftiness we can ourselves impart to our moral nature. We must remember, too, our obligations to profit by the scenes and transpirations through which we have passed. Our aim should be, to prepare for future usefulness to our fellow man. Again, a time like the present, is not only favorable for individual examination, but it is also well to glance at the active, moving world around us, social, political, and religious. Never in the history of our Nation, perhaps we might embrace in the statement, the inhabited world, has there been witnessed such a general uneasiness manifested, and if we judge correctly, such a general dissatisfaction with our social relations. During the next decade, we expect to witness as great a revolution in our social world, and no less marked in its effects upon society, than has been the change in the political world during the last.

And further, we think we can speak with no less certainty, as to prospective changes in the religious world of thought.

The last decade has been more important in its developments and promises, in relation to the great interests of humanity, than that of any preceding age in the history of the world. Who among us in 1860 could have even conceived of the wonderful changes of the last ten years. Indeed those of us who have been active participants in the movements that have marked the years to which we refer, can hardly believe the evidences of our own senses, when we consider the marked and rapid advance movements made, all tending to elevate and glorify man.

In our own special field of labor, as Spiritualists, we have the greatest encouragement to enter upon the new year, renewedly consecrated to our work. And we would not be understood in referring to our work, as limiting it merely to the effort to convince mankind of an immortal life, and the communion of spirits, important as we regard them. We find ourselves in a world demanding our efforts, in almost every direction to remove the burdens that oppress humanity. Spiritualism embraces the all of man's interest, or it is worthless and will fail of its mission.

We had just written the above sentence, when a private letter came to us from Mrs. E. L. Watson, but from which we make the following extract, so appropos to our subject:

"I do think we as Spiritualists are too apt to separate our sympathy from among humanity, and are a little inclined to keep aloof from our fellows, on the ground of difference of faith. A man is a man, no matter what he believes, and the more we permit ourselves to 'walk by the other side,' the less good we do as Spiritual Teachers."

We take this opportunity, to render thanks to all who have so truly interested themselves during the past year in the circulation of the *Present Age*, and speak the words we now write to the readers of the *PRESENT AGE*, by wishing you all, A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

"There is a gentle element, and man
May breathe it with a clear untroubled soul,
And drink its living waters, till his heart
Is pure, and *this* is human happiness."

The *Present Age* for 1870.

We are glad to announce to all who have taken a deep interest in the prosperity of this Journal, that we enter upon the new year with bright prospects of increasing usefulness.

We have from the commencement of this enterprise been promised by friends on both sides of the "silent river," that it should be a success. Friends here have aided us nobly. It would be gratifying to us to name them, but they say no. Our good spirit friends have exceeded their promises for the past, and promise much in the future. We rely upon them in all confidence.

On our part we have never heretofore, as our readers will bear us witness, made great promises for the future. Not feeling fully confident as to our ability to meet the demands of the spiritualistic public, and entering upon the duties to which we were assigned without previous experience, we could only say: "We promise to the extent of our ability to make the *PRESENT AGE* a welcome guest in every family." We have now the satisfaction of knowing that our efforts have been successful, and that our paper is greeted with pleasure by all to whom it has gained access. If it would not occupy too much of the room which belongs to our readers, we would here insert some of the expressions coming up to us from people living in thirty States. All unite in according to the *PRESENT AGE* words of commendation and promises of help in the increase of its circulation.

We have in the past promised little, for the reasons given; but we feel that justice to the able and devoted men, and women, whom we have secured as our associate Editors, and Contributors, demands that we should name them, which, of itself will be a sufficient guarantee to our readers that during the coming year they may anticipate a rich treat, with the arrival of each number of the *PRESENT AGE*. We are making an effort to secure a competent editor for a New England Department, but are not yet fully prepared to announce the name. Our circulation is increasing in the Eastern States, and we feel quite anxious to supply them with such a Department. We are also in correspondence with several of the best writers of the country, who will no doubt become regular contributors to our columns, but they are not prepared to publish, except as follows:

PROF. E. WHIPPLE, MISS NETTIE M. PEASE, Associate Editors.
Mrs. E. L. WATSON, Mrs. S. A. HORTON, A. B. BRENCH, DR. F. L. WADSWORTH, Corresponding Editors.

DR. F. L. H. WILLIS, Mrs. LOVE M. WILLIS, Editors New-York Dep't.
J. S. LOVELAND, Ed., Philosophical Dep't.
We have secured among others, as regular contributors, the following well known writers:

ANNIE DENTON CRIDGE, MARIA M. KING, H. P. M. BROWN, LOIS WAISBROOKER, CORA WILSON, J. L. MCCREARY, HUDSON TUTTLE, EMMA TUTTLE.

As occasional Contributors, we could name a score of the best speakers and writers among the reformers of the age. It is evident that from these Philosophical, Scientific, Practical, Poetical and Progressive minds, we are prepared to answer the demands of every class of Spiritualists. Further, we think with the variety of talent and diversified gifts here indicated, we are now fully justified in promising to all, that the *PRESENT AGE* shall be made the broadest, and most acceptable progressive, and reformatory paper published; one, that shall be a welcome visitant in the family of every liberalist during the year 1870.

The Editor's will each express their individual views upon all subjects, as will also the Contributors. While we shall endeavor, as in the past, to protect our columns from those who would advocate sentiments we believe to be pernicious in their tendency, and from those who would introduce personal animosities, we shall allow the widest possible range for freedom of discussion upon every subject, relating to the interests of humanity.

We shall aim to make the *PRESENT AGE* a correct exponent of the Spiritual Philosophy, an earnest advocate for WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE, as the only means for her emancipation from the oppressions so wickedly and unadvisedly, and the bright star of hope to which she may look, for release from the degradations and consequent sufferings, now forced upon her by the man made laws, and prevailing systems of society, in which she has no effective voice, pro, or con.

We have commenced the publication of a story of real life, entitled "Is it Possible," by Annie Denton Cridge, which will add interest as they read, will become more deeply interesting as it progresses, particularly after the eighth chapter.

Another of our best known writers, is now engaged in writing a story for the *PRESENT AGE*, to be entitled THE STORY OF TWO LIVES, which will be published during the year. Our readers will not forget the promise we have of THE GOLDEN KEY, by the author of A SEARCH FOR THE TEMPLE OF HAPPINESS. The publication of this communication will probably be commenced within the next three months.

With all these inducements, and the desire among all our friends to spread broad-cast the teachings of our philosophy, we appeal to all the present subscribers and readers of the *PRESENT AGE*, to renew their efforts to increase our circulation. This is a favorable time to obtain subscribers, as we can furnish the back numbers commencing with the story by Mrs. Cridge. One lady sent us during the present week ten dollars, with the names of five friends to whom she sent the *AGE*, as a "New Year's gift" with a request to us to inform each person from whom the gift was sent.

We shall be glad to comply with the same request if made by one hundred persons next week. Will canvassers and all our friends bring to make the *AGE* a success, while we supply all with such a paper as we promise for the low price of two dollars per year, and at the same rate for three months. We confidently expect an increase of five hundred new subscribers per month, during the next year.

Salutatory.

Readers of the *PRESENT AGE*: with the advent of the year 1870, we send you greeting. During the year just closed, we have communed with you almost weekly, as Corresponding Editor, and in original articles, through this journal, which has so rapidly gained public favor wherever known. This relation has been to us pleasant, and we trust mutually profitable to both contributor and reader. Our labors both as writer and speaker have been mostly confined to the West, and we think we understand the mental and spiritual needs of its people quite as well as we do those of other sections.

Circumstances independent of our seeking, now introduce us to a more extended acquaintance and practical work. As Associate Editor of the *PRESENT AGE*, we shall enter upon the labors of the ensuing year with a zeal proportionate to our interest in the holy cause to which this paper stands perpetually pledged.

Our aim is constructive, and we shall urge upon your thoughtful consideration those eternal principles which we conceive to underlie social and spiritual progress. The suffrage of woman, equal wages for equal intelligence and skill, without regard to sex or color, extension of the privileges of education to proscribed classes, are questions we think inseparably connected with the spread of spiritualism, and shall urge their importance through these columns. With Infidels and Atheists on the one hand, and radical Universalists and Unitarians on the other—with all in fact who urge the supremacy of human nature over the authority of ancient tradition, we feel to fraternize, and extend the right hand of fellowship, recognizing them as separate wings of that grand army of thinkers who accept the same great central truth, and who labor to accomplish the same beneficent ends. The value of human nature and dependence of its progress on human endeavor, and the central thought and inspiring aim of this Western World. We shall labor earnestly with our cotemporaries to advance these truths to public recognition, as a preliminary to the adoption of the New Religion which is sweeping like the tides of life over our land—a land unshackled by the tyrannies of the Old World, a land where new problems are entertained and startling experiments are being tried. We shall not halt by the way, but join in the march with the advancing millions to a grander destiny and a brighter day.

During the winter months our labors in another field are so pressing and constant, that we shall not be able to write with the regularity we could wish, but with the return of spring we expect to resume the pen, and devote ourselves with head and heart to the work which mortals and immortals have committed to our charge.

E. WHIPPLE.

"Go and do Likewise."

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To the memory of our noble sister Mrs. Alcinda Wilhelm Slade.

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PHILOSOPHICAL DEPT.

J. S. LOVELAND, Editor.

All communications for this Department should be addressed to the Editor, at Battle Creek, Mich.

MOTHER NATURE'S LOVE IS NEW TO EACH CHILD.

Nature sees through thee, knows thee, through and through,
And seeing through thee, therefore loves she thee,
Hers own love in thee; and loving thee,
Therefore respects thee in thee herself.
Behold now: never could a human mother,
In all her human poverty, respect
A child of hers so chastely, so dearly,
As Nature from the first doth honor thee;
The beam of light is in thee, and thy presence
That greets thee as a child; the nectar draught
Given thee to breathe, each mouthful of pure air
Is fresh prepared in that great laboratory
Of spirits for thyself, an offering.
From heaven's heights, each beaker, may, each drop
Of water is prepared and cooled for thee
In secret caverns, and the strawberry
And the sweet cherry which thy childish fingers
Bore to thy little mouth, are none of these.
These treasures man e'er tasted before thee!
They have been made, compounded, wove for thee!
The little glossy goblets of thy grapes
Only for thee have they poured out the must
Brought to thee from the vineyard of the Father's hand,
From secret depths of ecstasy, for thee,
For thee alone prepared the maid, to be
Thy consort;—and children, only thine,
That none on earth had ever owned before,
Like a great, over-creating mother,
So long as Heaven endures, the cloud itself
That sails so swiftly by, will never shade
Another,—for behold it falls in rain!
The breeze will never cool another brow,
For lo! e'en now it darts in yonder brake!
That rainbow no man ever more will see,
For even now it has faded on thy sight!
The lark will sing this song to none again,
For from the clouds she drops it and it is hushed!
Only thou shalt hear it, alone alone heard,
Thus all is thine, unique as thyself.
Yes, know that the hand is always near
Which thus takes nature's every gift;
With ever new and ever changing hand,
Thou givest life to the beggar's child,
And his hand has e'en now grown older too!
Night after night Heaven sends fresh dreams to thee,
Day after day new senses and new mind;
New and original forces, thought, will and life;
A life unique, peculiar, all thine own.
Thou livest forth from the eternal fount,
Endowed with Him more closely than the child
Is with its mother in the mother's lap!
Like a great, over-creating mother,
Of night and majesty and fruitfulness,
Breeds over thee God's presence ever near,
And through the delicate network of thy frame
Passing the tissue of the finest flower,
The heavenly influence flows down into thee,
With blissful, over-creating majesty,
Like streams of fragrance pouring into flowers,
That stand benumbed and breathe beaming scents!
And thou—forget not this to breathe around
Rich perfume of pure thought and of still love,
Still—as the thought that charges thee!
Lepold Schfer—Lepold's Secretary.

Personality of Deity.

NO. III.

It has been affirmed, in our last article, that the idea of a Personal Deity did not originate in any such way as the Idealist assumes, and this naturally leads to a more careful survey of the origin of this notion; for, though we have admitted that the conception of simple personality must have been suggested from man's consciousness of his own personalized existence, still from that consciousness of self-existence never could have originated the notion we are discussing, without some other and prior ideas. What were these, and what their genesis? One, was the profound conviction in the mind of the primitive men that they were dependent. Another, was the great uncertainty pertaining to life and its enjoyments. While still another, was the mightiness—the omnipotence of the powers which surrounded and controlled them. With reason immature, fancy active, and ignorance unfolding him as a garment, it is possible to suppose man, in the midst of all this dread uncertainty, to have reached any other idea than that the elements were the manifestations of powerful persons to be propitiated, feared, or praised as the means of good, or ill to the infant man. Such was the only possible suggestion which could be made to man in his primitive condition, and the whole history of the progress of human ideas shows this to be the true mode of their primal evolution in the human consciousness. The first Gods were the elements, and the first worship fear. The notion of Personality was equally inevitable for the primitive race were never guilty of imagining principles, or acting potencies outside of man, or some animate being; hence, they never could view the thunder in any other light than the voice of some powerful person, and the red lightning were the angry flashing of his eye. "He rode upon a cherub, and did fly; yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind." The Gods, had their places of abode like mortals. One resided on "high Olympus," another on Parnassus, another in the sea, while yet another is reported as saying "Heaven is my dwelling place," though sometimes, when specially interested in the reports from earth, he has declared "I will go down and see what the sons of men do." These juvenile notions were the necessary sequences of the intellectual status and conditions of the early races of humankind. The Monotheistic doctrine was an impossibility then, as was the hero-worship of more recent times. The more perfect ideas of Deity, about which theologians boast so much, were the product of ages of thought and philosophic investigation. The progress of the race, as shown in its history reveals the steps by which these original superstitions of man's childhood have become the cherished idols of his youthful unfolding, though they are not a little modified, and dressed in more modern apparel. But this being the real origin of the idea, the assumption that it is a spontaneity of the human reason—an intuition, or clairvoyant preception of the human spirit, falls hopelessly to the ground, and the Idealist is equally as poor as the Sensationalist in the matter of proof for his Personal Deity. But at this stage of the discussion I shall be met with this position; "granted that the sensationalist with his philosophy can never attain the idea of Deity, or prove it to be true when found—that his argument from design is fallacious, and therefore worse than nothing; and admit the failure of the idealist in his claim of spontaneous perception, or suggestion, because of the pre-existence of the idea, cutting off all appeal to the supposed evidence of human experiences, and asserted revelation to man; yet is there proof, amply sufficient to perfectly demonstrate the existence of a Divine Personality." Now, if this position be valid, I wish to see it so completely demonstrated as to leave no room for

any possible cavil. And it is not too much to say it ought to be. If a Personal God exist he certainly is able to make his existence known in a manner so clear and decisive that unbelief shall be an impossibility. Indeed there should be nothing left to faith, on a question so momentous, absolute certainty is the least we can reasonably ask. Such demonstrations however, is not furnished us, and we will attend to the promised moral demonstration of a Deific Personality, this being all we are allowed to expect. The main assumption which meets us, is this, we are necessitated to adopt this idea in order to meet the imperative demands of human reason and affection, and hence, it is comparatively a matter of like importance how, or when it first came into the human consciousness. If this position be well taken, it at once ends the controversy, for what is necessary is true, in the sense in which the term is there used. And as I wish to have the question fully before us, I will state the argument as strongly as it will possibly bear. And first, the demands of reason. (1.) It is affirmed that every cause must produce an effect, and *vice versa*, or in other words, for every phenomenon there exists a substratum of power. The realm of forms is that of phenomena. Forms begin to be, they do not produce themselves. Their production implies motion in matter. But, matter in itself is inert—motionless; therefore volition is indispensable, and volition implies personality, hence, a personal Deity.

(2.) No effect can be greater than its cause. Man is an effect—he begins to be. If there be no personal Cause or Deity, who produced him, then man exceeds the causes, or cause which produced him, for he is greater than all the universe besides, he is its crown and head. The affirmations above, as to the mutual relation of cause and effect need not be called in question. But we ask, and have a right to do so, what is cause? If he replied, "a producing power," then we inquire further as to the method of production. If it be said that causation implies the production of a second entity by a first, the second being intrinsically unlike the first, and containing no part of its producer's substance, or life, then we deny the assumption in toto, and demand the proof. So far as human knowledge goes, we are able to demonstrate that every effect embodies the essentials of its cause. Effect is only cause modified to a certain extent. Hence, if man is an effect, he contains the elemental forces of the causative power producing him. Theists have declared him to be "made in the image of God." But how can infinity be imaged? How obtain its likeness or representation? The thing is an impossibility, hence, if the assumption is true, God is finite. If untrue, the argument of the Theist is worthless also.

If our definition of cause be correct, and it is the one accepted by the thinkers of the age, then it may be found that effects transcend immensely, any one of the composite forms of causation producing them. In the progressive ascent from the lowest condition of organized being to the highest, we see continually the effect transcending the cause in its nature, functions and uses. The vegetable exceeds the mineral from whence it sprang, and the animal far transcends them both, yet they are respectively the causes of each other. Cause is parent, effect is child. Effects, in turn, become causes, thus proving our position.

But it is also asserted that matter is inert and lifeless, having no power of self-action, or motion. Very well; but it moves continually—it never rests. Who has the right to say it is not self-impelled? Because under certain conditions there is relative rest, the theological sophist affirms absolute rest except *ab extra* force compel the motion. The fact is, absolute motion is the fact and attribute of Universal Being. And in this connection, it should be noticed that motion in matter, or the existence of matter is alike impossible, on the supposition of a personal Deity, infinite in his attributes. This God had rested in self-contemplative idleness through an infinite series of ages. He is immutable—he changes not. But behold a marvelous change—the whole vastness of materiality is brought into being! How? From whence? Not from outside of infinity. Not from nothingness, for God fills all space as well as duration. Matter then, is of him, from him, and in him. It cannot be unlike him, for nothing intelligent and wise, can produce its opposite. But how could it be at all? We answer, its existence is an impossibility without a change in Deity. Bear in mind that motion in an intelligent being, is impossible without volition, and volition is equally impossible without affections impelling, and reason assenting thereto. Now, what could produce a change in the conduct of God after so many ages of perfect rest. It could not be from without, for the very terms of the proposition exclude the without. It must come from within. But to come from within, involves an essential change in disposition or nature. But if such change is possible, then no such God exists. But if such an immutable Deity exists, then creation is an impossibility—the universe in essence is eternal and furnishes no sort of proof of the existence of a personal designing Deity.

Having settled these points, we are prepared to advance a step and ask by what authority it can be affirmed that the apparently inherent life-forces of nature are not eternal, and self-existent of themselves? Who has come down from beyond their birth to acquaint us with their genesis? No one; and the assertion of their creation is sheerest assumption, without the faintest shadow of evidence for support. But without further illustration, we pass to another point under this general head. (3.) "Reason," it is said, "can never suppose the Universe to be drifting on the sea of uncertainty, nor events to be the product of chance," which is the inevitable inference if a personal Deity be denied, there being no third supposition." To this, we answer, very true, reason can never indulge in any such suppositions, nor is it obliged to escape them by resting in the assumptions of theologians; their dilemma is easily set aside. We have already met it in the position that

the material universe embodies in itself the eternal law of harmonic order. It needs no prying person to look after its concerns for its spontaneous life evolves its own perfect law. No chance, no disorder or discord obtains in its boundless domain. In fact the objection as to chance lies against the Theistic idea entirely. Their God is a being of caprice. He has drowned the world once; and when he will send a deluge of fire, no one can tell. He has created, and he may destroy. He has been a miracle worker, and no one can tell when he may change his mind, and break up to a greater or less extent the present working of nature's forces. Providence, so called, is naught but chance, or, in other words, caprice. But if Deity be cognized as inspirational—the sum total of all life—all force, then eternal order is the fact and law of the Universe, and chance and disorder are banished. But we will protract this article no farther now, reserving to a closing one, other remarks.

AFFECTION.

Talk not of wasted affection; affection never was wasted; If it enrich not the heart of another, it returns, retaining Back to thyself, like the rain, shall all their fall of enrichment!
That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.
Sorrow and accomplish thy labor, accomplish thy work of affection!
Patience and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike.
Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart is made godlike.
Purified, strengthened, perfected, and made more worthy of heaven!
Longfellow.

What is Spiritualism?

NO. V.

In further elucidation and definition of our topic, we may gain some light by comparing the present dispensation with the past, or Christian age.

1. The first point of resemblance forced upon our attention, is the fact that both were introduced by signs and wonders, or apparent miracles. And if we are to credit the accounts, Judaism was introduced by similar events. It is not necessary to particularize the works of Jesus and his apostles. It is well to note, however, that nearly all of them were in perfect accord with the humane genius of his religion; consisting mostly of cases of healing the sick and suffering. The exercise of these remarkable powers for the gratification of mere curiosity, or to impress people with his power seemed to have no place in the mind of Jesus. The turning of water into wine—the cursing of the fig tree, and the destruction of the swine, with a few other instances, would seem to be exceptions to the usual rule of beneficence, and are no doubt fabricated stories, like those of his miraculous conception. In the reported exorcisms of demons, we see Jesus and his disciples subject to the prevalent superstitions of their times, so far as the supernatural is concerned. These manifestations continued very common, for some generations in the primitive church, but gradually became less frequent, though they have never entirely ceased, and in some ages have abounded far more than in others.

Spiritualism was introduced in the same way, but with this difference, that its manifestations have been more numerous, varied and powerful than those of any past era. As they were to meet exigencies never existing before, it was necessary they should. The wonders of Christ were wrought among a people singularly infatuated with the idea of the supernatural, in whose imagination every wonder was exaggerated in conception and description. Those of Spiritualism are under the merciless criticism of modern science, which aims at absolute exactitude. Had the signs of former ages been subjected to such a test, they would have dwarfed immensely in their proportions. The claim of the Christians for their wonders, was miracle—they were above and beyond law—the result of a special volition of Deity. Spiritualism, affirming the harmony of all its wonders with law, is, therefore, compelled to furnish, in addition to the healing, trance and other gifts of the former age, a vast variety of physical manifestations, involving all possible applications of the imponderable forces in the production of motion in matter, and a spiritual telegraphy between the natural and spiritual worlds. So general is the occurrence of these manifestations, that but few places of any size are without one or more person in whose presence they occur. And as every one can witness them, it is needless to give minute description, as our point is the resemblance of Christianity and Spiritualism in this particular.

Another point of resemblance is found in the fact that the initial period is one of much mistake, and delusive notions on the part of the half-fledged converts. The commencement of nearly or quite all great movements, is attended with more or less fanaticism on the part of those apparently the most devoted thereto. The fanaticism of Christ's early disciples was very great. He was to them a Jewish Messiah, who would soon be crowned at the Capital, drive out and conquer the Romans and set up the throne of David in all (and even more than) its ancient splendor. Repeated disappointments and spiritual revelations hardly sufficed to teach them the true nature of the kingdom of heaven. Nay, the old Jewish narrowness and partialism lives and rules in the Christian church to-day. This notion of an earthly dominion had such deep root in the Jewish mind that the early church expected a speedy personal re-appearance of Jesus, even in the lifetime of some of the Apostles. And after the death of John, the supposed favorite, the idea has lived on, and almost innumerable times for the "Second Advent" have been fixed in the different centuries. Disappointment fails to cure the church of its Jewish error. This fanaticism, in reference to the Advent, which affected Peter, Paul, John and Jude, contributed no doubt to their reckless attempts at communism. Christ was to appear so soon, what was the use of their retaining their little houses and lands. They would sell them and live on the proceeds till he came. It is cheerfully admitted, that the principle of communism is just and true to a certain extent, for it is the principle of universal brotherhood. But the communistic church at Jerusalem had not considered the problem of communism for all time, during ages of progress. Nor, had they made any plans how it was to be supported and continued. In the first blush of their new faith, and inspired by the deep spiritual love, which they felt for each other, and realizing the sweet joys of brotherly fellowship, they resolved to avail themselves to the utmost of these privileges till the coming King should come and set up his kingdom. From this source, in part, came the practice of celibacy, and the tacit approval of slavery and other forms of social wrong. Whoever will take the time to carry out this line of thought will detect the origin of not a few of the anti-christian notions taught by the church of today. The Christian dispensation came in, from, and primarily to, a race, long and fearfully oppressed, and also bitterly hated and despised. As a consequence, their fanaticisms were modified in accord with their situation. The Spiritual Dispensation comes in, from and to, the freest people time ever saw, and its delusions will correspond to its mental and social status. As Christianity naturally rushed into unreasoning, and therefore, short-lived communism. Spiritualism intensifying the gravitation of the age, beholds thousands of its first adherents adopting the most extreme and selfish individualism. All organization, order, government and system is denounced with fa-

matic ferocity. This insensate clamor has led to the opinion, referred to in our first article, that Spiritualism is simply iconoclastic—a congeries of negations. But as the great idea of Christ is not to be measured by the fanaticisms of the Jerusalem Church, neither are we to measure Spiritualism by the clamor of its shallow-minded fanatics. Nor ought we to forget that a new dispensation always intensifies the predominant tendency of the age. It is a tropical heat, and mental growths ripen, or reach their ultimate, with immense rapidity. In the religious world, for over two centuries, Protestantism has been disintegrating and individualizing. The Baconian method of induction in science and philosophy, has tended in the same direction. The American government, and the American type of thought, are children of these parents. It is inevitable then that the foremost fanaticism should be in this direction, and that unity should be sacrificed to diversity and disorder, in the vehement affirmation of "Individual Sovereignty." The fanaticism of freedom becomes anarchy, license, and tyranny in the end. But already the tide has turned. The anarchists are finding themselves continually in the minority, and though able to impede and annoy the wise workers, cannot prevent the work of reconstruction from moving steadily forward.

PEBBLES.

Col. Higginson, in a letter to the *Sun*, denies that the officers of his regiment (colored) were isolated from intercourse with officers of the army. He says "I can recall no isolation except during the first few months in camp, when we were so incessantly occupied as to leave no time for sociability. Even then we had multitudes of visitors, who treated us, so far as I can remember, with uniform courtesy. Our recruiting officers sometimes met with annoyances, I believe, as was natural; but none reached our camp. Afterwards, when brought into contact with other regiments, we encountered little discomfort and much kindness. For one we were surprised to find how readily the officers and soldiers of our army, both regulars and volunteers, accepted the introduction of colored troops. The opposition was far less than among Northern civilians, it always seemed to be. This came partly from the habit of military discipline, and partly from the fact that every additional regiment made duties of the others less severe."

According to the Roman correspondent of the *Pall Mall*, there is no truth in the statement, made by the French journals, that the Pope has addressed a letter to the refractory Carmelite, exhorting him to retract his now famous epistle, and submit to the general of his order. The Holy Father has preserved an absolute silence on the subject. He shows, indeed, that he is not pleased at the interference of the Bishop of Orleans, whose letter to Pere Hyacinthe has given almost as much offence at the Vatican as the one it condemns.

A hymn-book lately published by the spiritualists makes an attempt to combine an index of authors and an index of first lines, occasionally abbreviating the latter to save space, with some very curious results. References are given to—
"Do not wonder the heart throbs—Dexter Smith."
"The joyous hours of the beautiful—James T. Jones."
"Oh, love the sparkling—Mrs. Cora Daniels."
"We come, we come from—Hudson Tuttle."

(To be useful, this list should be reliable. We therefore request lecturers to promptly notify us of any change. We will be glad to send them, West and South, to send us their address and appointments in advance, which we will cheerfully publish for the benefit of all concerned.)
Chas. A. Andrews, Inspirational speaker, Flushing, Genesee Co. Mich.
Geo. Russell, Inspirational speaker and Clairvoyant Physician, will answer calls to lecture. Address Moscow, Hillsdale Co. Mich.
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Andrew Jackson Davis, Orange, New Jersey.
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Chas. D. Farley, Inspirational speaker, Deerfield, Lenawee Co., Michigan.
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Isaac F. Greenleaf, 1061 Washington street, Boston, Mass.
Mrs. S. A. Jordan, special agent and Corresponding Editor of Present Age. Present address, Kalamazoo, Mich.
Mrs. Emma Harding can be addressed Washington, for December.
Dr. A. Hunt will receive calls to lecture Sundays; address Col. Water, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mr. Henry Houghton, Milan, Ohio.
Lyman C. Howe, Inspirational speaker, Box 99 Fredonia, N. M.
Mrs. M. S. Townsend Hoadley, Bridgewater, Vt.
Dr. P. T. Jones, address Ypsilanti, Mich.
O. P. Kellogg, Lecturer, East Framingham, Astabula Co. Ohio.
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Mrs. E. A. Lester, trance speaker, care of Joseph Smith, P. O. Box 1118, Indianopolis, Ind.
J. S. Loveland, Battle Creek, Mich.
Geo. W. Lusk, address Lockport, N. Y.
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Emma M. Martin, Inspirational speaker, Battle Creek, Mich.
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G. L. Nash, Inspirational Lecture, Kent Co. Mich.
Dr. S. D. Pace, Port Huron, will answer calls to lecture.
Lydia Ann Parvill, Inspirational speaker, Disco Mich.
Miss Nettie M. Pease, Present address, Kalamazoo, care Present Age.
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Dr. J. H. Randall, Elmore, Ohio, Inspirational speaker.
Austin E. Simmons, Woodstock, Vt.
Dr. H. and Alameda Wilhelm Slade, Kalamazoo, Mich.
Dr. W. A. Smith, Inspirational speaker, Ypsilanti, Mich.
Mrs. Nellie Smith, Inspirational speaker, Sturgis, Mich.
Abner Smith, will answer calls to lecture for the Fall and winter months, address Sturgis, Mich.
Selah Van Sicke, Greenbush, Mich.
Mrs. T. A. Thomsen, will answer calls to lecture; address Box 747, Adrian, Mich.
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Will all speakers desiring their address inserted in our register, please write us. If notified one month in advance we will cheerfully publish their appointments.

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Ann Arbor 9:50 12:20 6:40 7:30 11:25
Jackson 10:40 1:10 7:45 8:15 11:55
Marshall PM12:50 3:25 10:40 2:10
Battelle 1:45 3:15 11:15 2:45
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Niles 4:50 PM 6:10 7:45 2:35 1:10
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STATIONS. Dux A. Mail N Y Exp. A. P. Exp. N Y Exp.
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STATIONS. Express. Mail. Accom. Night Mail
Detroit 8:50 A. M. 9:00 A. M. 3:40 P. M. 9:00 P. M.
Pontiac 9:20 A. M. 10:30 A. M. 4:10 P. M. 9:35 P. M.
Holly 10:40 A. M. 11:10 A. M. 5:10 P. M. 12:10 A. M.
Owosso 1:20 P. M. 2:30 P. M. 6:10 P. M. 1:00 A. M.
St. Johns 2:05 P. M. 3:15 P. M. 6:45 P. M. 1:45 A. M.
Pawnee 2:55 P. M. 4:05 P. M. 7:15 P. M. 2:15 A. M.
Muir 3:25 P. M. 4:35 P. M. 7:45 P. M. 2:45 A. M.
Ionia 4:15 P. M. 5:25 P. M. 8:35 P. M. 3:15 A. M.
Grand Rapids 5:00 P. M. 6:10 P. M. 9:20 P. M. 3:45 A. M.
Nunica 5:45 P. M. 6:55 P. M. 10:00 P. M. 4:15 A. M.
Grand Haven 6:30 P. M. 7:40 P. M. 10:50 P. M. 5:00 A. M.

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Nunica 8:25 A. M. 8:35 P. M. 8:00 P. M. 2:15 A. M.
Grand Rapids 9:25 A. M. 9:35 P. M. 8:40 P. M. 3:15 A. M.
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Pawnee 11:45 A. M. 11:55 P. M. 10:55 P. M. 4:45 A. M.
Muir 12:15 P. M. 12:25 P. M. 11:25 P. M. 5:15 A. M.
Owosso 1:00 P. M. 1:10 P. M. 12:10 P. M. 5:45 A. M.
Pontiac 1:45 P. M. 1:55 P. M. 12:55 P. M. 6:15 A. M.
Detroit 2:30 P. M. 2:40 P. M. 1:45 P. M. 7:00 A. M.

GOING NORTH.
Leave White Pigeon, 2:10 A. M., 1:00 P. M., 6:00 P. M., 4:45 A. M., 9:20 A. M., 10:40 P. M., 1:40 P. M., 6:40 P. M., 5:40 A. M., 10:40 A. M.
Arrive at Three Rivers, 2:40 A. M., 1:40 P. M., 6:40 P. M., 5:40 A. M., 10:40 A. M.
Arrive at Kalamazoo, 3:45 A. M., 3:10 P. M., 7:45 P. M., 6:45 A. M., 11:45 A. M.
Arrive at Niles, 4:15 A. M., 3:40 P. M., 8:15 P. M., 7:15 A. M., 12:15 P. M.
Arrive at Jackson, 5:15 A. M., 4:40 P. M., 9:15 P. M., 8:15 A. M., 1:15 P. M.
Arrive at Marshall, 6:15 A. M., 5:40 P. M., 10:15 P. M., 9:15 A. M., 2:15 P. M.
Arrive at Ypsilanti, 7:15 A. M., 6:40 P. M., 11:15 P. M., 10:15 A. M., 3:15 P. M.
Arrive at Detroit, 8:15 A. M., 7:40 P. M., 12:15 P. M., 11:15 A. M., 4:15 P. M.

GOING SOUTH.
Leave Grand Rapids, 6:15 A. M., 12:10 P. M., 7:40 P. M., 1:45 A. M., 10:40 P. M.
Arrive at Ionia, 7:25 A. M., 1:45 P. M., 9:25 P. M., 2:45 A. M., 11:45 P. M.
Arrive at St. Johns, 8:25 A. M., 2:45 P. M., 10:25 P. M., 3:45 A. M., 12:45 P. M.
Arrive at Pawnee, 9:25 A. M., 3:45 P. M., 11:25 P. M., 4:45 A. M., 1:45 P. M.
Arrive at Muir, 10:25 A. M.,